



OEMS

OLD AND NEW

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JOANNA E. MILLS

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OLD AND NEW AND OTHER POEMS.

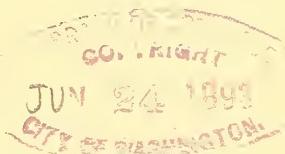
BY

JOANNA E. MILLS.

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JOANNA E. MILLS.

As my friends are so widely separated, on this, my seventieth birthday, I send this little company of poems to search for them.

These messengers, most of them, have been called out, one by one, on some pleasant or sad occasion. Now, altogether, they carry a message of kind regard to those who may receive them.

JOANNA E. MILLS.

NEEDHAM, May 24th, 1893.

TO EXPERT CRITICS

DEAR CRITICS spend no time nor ink
On these few lines I've written,
For to your sharp incisive taste
They may seem quite frost-bitten.

The weaklings of my early years
Were scarcely worth your scorning,
Tho' schoolmates tenderly caressed
The poor things at their dawning.

Later my heartfelt simple rhymes
My friends praised very kindly,—
It may be that their misty eyes
Perused them somewhat blindly.

Now 'neath the memory tinted sky
Of age, I find a pleasure
When a stray thought begins to dance,
E'en to uncertain measure.

OLD AND NEW.

THE farmer rested on his couch,
His day's work nearly over,
And through the open window came
The breath of new mown clover.

Within his toil-worn hand there lies
A book with yellow pages;
The slanting sunbeams pencil o'er
The writings of the sages.

An aged presence at the door
Waits to be kindly greeted;
The farmer's daughter brings a chair,
And asks him to be seated.

“ I beg your pardon, sir,” he said,
With dignity and sweetness;
“ This was my early home; I've come
To see it in completeness.

“ Those are fine aloes at the gate,
And beds of foreign posies;

But climbing o'er the garden wall
Are mother's pure white roses.

“ Ha ha, my mother's spinning wheel,
Under that fine engraving,
My little sister's candlestick, —
That, too, you've thought worth saving.

“ Among your herds, some native blood,
I passed quite near the wild wood ;
Two pretty heifers, just like those
I petted in my childhood.

“ Your book shelves seem well weighted, sir,
With works antique and modern ;
You feel there's something more to do
Than ignorantly plod on.

“ Beside the mending basket lie
Old Homer, Bancroft, Gibbon's ; —
Your daughter takes Chatauqua course,
Instead of extra ribbons.

“ We never heard of yeast cakes, sir, —
My mother used to brew ;
She saved some of the old, to raise
A sparkle on the new.

“I’m glad to find your level head
The same wise course pursuing ;
You mix the wisdom of the past
With new ideas brewing.”

He paused. Before a single word
Was given, in courteous answer,
The stranger passed, with noiseless step
Across the western lawn, sir.

He vanished slowly through the woods
Among the trees and bowlders ;
His hair hung like a silver mist,
Around his time-bent shoulders.

The farmer rubbed his eyes, and saw
The evening lamps were lighted ;
But nowhere in the distant woods
A traveller benighted.

His wife sat waiting with her book ;
The cheerful tea was steaming ;
His rosy daughter smiled and said,
“Why, father, you’ve been dreaming.”

STORM AND CALM.

O BOATMAN, rest upon your oars,
The moon is silvering o'er the waves,
The Storm King and tempestuous winds
Are sleeping in their distant caves.

Lady beloved, look to East !
Just where the sky dies in the sea,
I mark a curling, rising mist
That bodes no good to you or me.

O boatman, raise your snowy sail,
We must be very near the shore ;
This gentle breeze will waft us there
To wait until the gale is o'er.

”Tis but a cloud line in the West
That seems to you the nearing shore,
And all along the hidden rocks,
I hear the breakers’ sullen roar.

Lady beloved, I pledged my word
This morn when first my oars were wet,
That I would bring you safely back
Before the evening star had set.

But now like white winged doves I see
Upon the waves the crested foam,
And many a mile before we reach
The peaceful harbor and your home.

O boatman, I am not afraid,
To-night I cast my lot with thee, —
Pass me some oars, for I can row
“O'er waters still or troubled sea.”

The storm broke fiercely o'er their heads,
But not a word of fear she spoke,
While unseen fingers twirled her hair
She dipped the oar with even stroke.

The angry waves flap to and fro,
And make a plaything of the boat,
But man and maiden keep their place
And safely towards the port they float.

They near the sands — the storm is spent, —
The lessening billows moan afar —
The clouds are parting in the West
And setting now the evening star.

With cloak and lantern in his hand
She sees her father drawing near, —

And midst the noise of falling oars
The boatman whispers in her ear,

“Lady, good night. I’ve waited long;
I ask from thee my certain fate—”
“Aye, aye,” she said, with tender glee,
“For life’s long voyage I’ll be your mate.”

1880.

WINTER SUNSETS.

THE sun, in majesty, looked down
Upon the earth all sere and brown,
And quickly, with the leaden clouds
His lowering countenance he shrouds.

“Vanished the beauty and the skill
Which I have spread or vale and hill.
The frost king holds his deadly reign
O’er my beloved earth again.
His footprints crush the dying flowers,
His hands shake off the leaves in showers.
But let him pass with awful sweep—
Earth feigns a death, it is a sleep:
So while the icy moments fly,
Sleep sweetly. I will paint the sky.”

I watched the artist, hour by hour,
As, with a more than human power,
He mixed the colors rich and rare,
And painted pictures soft and fair,
Or brilliant, changeful, dazzling things
That seemed like shades of seraph wings.
And watching, knew from what he wrought,
By what great Master he was taught.

1884.

MIDNIGHT STORM.

WHY should I fear,
For God is near.
The awful thunders overhead
Are but his step with heavy tread ;
The lightnings flashing thro' the arch
Are hand lights to His onward march.

Thus Majesty
Walks thro' the sky.
But shaken from the perfect hand
Of Him who every kindness planned,
The falling raindrops seek to rest
Upon the parched earth's quiet breast,
And still, small voices greet mine ear
“Fear not, our Father passeth near.”

1881.

EARLY SAXIFRAGE.

A MONG the pale flowers in the early spring morning,
When robins and bluebirds sing their first tune,
The little white saxifrage, hillsides adorning,
Smiled just as sweetly as roses in June.

When dear, happy children, their cheeks freshly glowing,
Tinged with the north wind, came in, their hands filled
With delicate treasures, and hearts overflowing
With joy, by awakening beauty distilled.

I took from it's corner, our book of the flowers,
To look for the cousins of brave saxifrage,
Courageous I call it, in chill frost and showers,
To write its white letters on nature's brown page.

Indeed, there we found the grand hydrangea,
In elegant, changeful robes like a queen;
Petted in gardens, protected from danger
Placed where its raiment could often be seen.

Then too we found the snowy syringa,
Cherished in hedges, for fragrance and bloom;

Mocking the orange, where spring always lingers
Bidding stern winter retreat with its gloom.

Calm little saxifrage, this was the story
I read in your clusters, so truthful and wise ;
“ Let my beautiful cousins enjoy all the glory
They show in their homes to admiring eyes.

“ I cling to the rocks, with their scarred, solemn
faces ;
The food that’s convenient I find by their side ;
The wind flower and violet dwell in near places,
Just where the brooklets gurgle and glide.

“ We have had our own missions for ages and ages,
One thrives by the river, and one by the rocks.
The wherefore is known to One wiser than sages,
He only the secrets of nature unlocks.”

THE MARCH WINDS ANSWER.

“ They blow and bluster, why ?

WE have come with an earnest mission forth
From the snow clad hills of the farther north,
We have come with our pure tho’ icy breath
To awaken the earth from the semblance of death.

With our unseen plowshares we turn the soil,
We sift it fine for the farmers' toil.
We bid the brown buds keep their wraps awhile,
And not throw them off at the sun's first smile.

We carry away on our fearless wings
The dreaded malaria's deadly stings.
We frighten the frail with our chilling force,
We strengthen the strong in our onward course.

We are nature's restless pioneers,
Preparing a path for April in tears,
To soften dead leaves with gentle showers,
Waking beneath them the sweet May flowers.

1880.

A FLOWER FESTIVAL AT LOS ANGELES.

L OS ANGELES, fair land of bloom,
Your happy bees can ne'er be sullen,
They need a pair of magic wings
To bear such heavy loads of pollen.

Los Angeles, fair land of bloom,
Your pretty maids are goddesses,
Arrayed in robes of richest dyes
And rose embroidered bodices.

Your magistrate has felt the touch
Of all this sweet and natural beauty ;
To clothe his thoughts in flowery speech
He found an easy pleasant duty.

I dwell in cold New England clime
Where bees go miles for drops of honey,—
Los Angeles, I may not see, —
Because I have not got the money.

APOSTROPHE TO THE EAST WIND.

O EASTERN WIND we will take back
Whate'er in former writing
Appeared as if we thought that you
Were ever sharp and biting.

Our mercury, like a shining imp,
Sits winking 'mong the nineties,
And twirring insects in the grass
Of awful heat, the sign 'tis.

Put on your ocean coat of salt,
Sweep o'er the herbage dying,
And o'er our dogs with dripping tongues
Just at the threshold lying.

We lounge about in linen suits
And hope each hour to meet you,
With open doors and windows all,
And open mouths to greet you.

O, eastern wind, come as you will,
With terrifying lightning,
Or gentle gales—to all things here
Your presence will be brightening.

SPRING BEAUTIES.

WHILE the stirring springtime breezes,
Whisks and whirls dead leaves about,
We, with colds and coughs and sneezes,
Hardly dare to venture out.

While the cricket frogs are peeping
Merrily their short lived songs,
We, with influenza weeping,
Stir the fire with ancient tongs.

Crocuses adorned like princes
Smile serenely o'er the plains,
But poor human nature winces
At acute neuralgic pains.

Pale arbutus, nothing doubting,
Creeps along her low retreat ;
We, with ague chills, are shouting,
“Lemonade, both hot and sweet.”

While we seek near some abyssm,
For the humble saxifrage,
Then the awful rheumatism
Binds us, helpless, in his rage.

When the bird of heaven's own color
Cleaves the air with rapid wing,
Fire arrangements in the cellar
Must be ended, for 'tis spring.

Tho' the orchard buds are swelling,
I must ever, ever sing,
Blest are they within whose dwelling
Warm Penates rule in spring.

Now a thousand tints of beauty
Shade the footprints of the spring ;
But I claim it as a duty
To fur coats and blankets cling.

LITTLE AMY.

O HOW welcome, baby dear,
You are to our lower sphere.
Looked for with such longing eyes,
As a blessing from the skies.

Soon the pretty mouth will smile,
And the wistful eyes awhile
Watch so eagerly the way
Papa comes at close of day.

Tiny fingers tap the pane,
Cooing voice makes sweet refrain,
Happy mamma joins with glee,
While she brings the steaming tea.

TO LITTLE CALVIN.

M Y dear little friend,
A few lines I send,
And wish you a Happy New Year!
A good little boy
Is an every day joy
To his mamma and papa so dear.

I cannot expect,
As I now reflect,
For learning you've had no time
To read or to write,
That you would indite
An answer in prose or in rhyme.

To you I will tell
That I loved full well
Dear mamma when she was a baby.
With her pretty round face,
And sweetness and grace,
Just like you, bright laddie, it may be.

Some might think it a waste,
Young as you are in taste,
To send a short letter to you.
As minds of your age
Other things engage,
Strings, rattles, and 'een an old shoe.

To mamma and papa
And dear grandmamma
I send a most cordial greeting.
And when the winds blow
Away all the snow
I shall hope for a pleasant meeting.

WHAT MOTHER SAYS.

YOU say you're almost crazy
With such a noise and clatter,
When I run through the pantry
Breaking cup and platter.

And when I want some luncheon,
And I go and take a slice,
You say I leave my finger marks
All on the shelf so nice.

You make so many garments,
Of different size and kind,
To keep me neat and tidy,
You say you are almost blind.

But when the day is over
And I'm asleep in bed,
I guess you would be sorry
If your little boy was dead.

1880.

FOUR PICTURES.

A MERRY school boy, light-hearted and gay,
Ready for study and ready for play,
Thoughtlessly taking without any fear
A mild cigarette and a glass of beer.

A young man sits in his well furnished room,
Faded forever his early bright bloom,—
Holding a paper, while sipping his wine,
Till his eyes can scarcely follow a line.

Not an aged man, but hair growing gray,
Feeble and tottering downward his way,
Headache at morning, stupid at night,
Keeping his home in a miserable plight.

In a grass grown grave on a distant hill,
The poor worn drunkard at last lieth still,—
And it makes us sad to remember that he
Was the merry school boy that we used to see.

TO MOLLIE.

THE fever had left little Mollie
With a pinched and palid face
And the sunny curls on her pillow
Had all an aureole's grace.

“ What will you have, little Mollie,”
Said her mother, with secret pain ;
For she feared that a coming shadow
Would darken her home again.

“ I would like a pretty dolly — ”
The dolly was quickly bought,
The sad little face looked smiling,
And with trembling hands she sought

To gather the welcome treasure
Close, close to her loving heart,
But the pale, sweet features quiver,
And tears are ready to start.

In a voice like distant music,
With a soft and mournful refrain,—
“ Mamma, please put away dollie,
I shall never want it again.”

I am so glad, little Mollie,
That this happened quite long ago,
And that you are spared to Mamma
To love, to learn and to grow.

1889.

WHY DO WE LOVE HER.

WE love her for her beauty,
Her eyes so bright and blue,
Her mouth so sweet and smiling,
Her cheeks smooth rosy hue.

We love her for her manners,
Both courteous and kind,
Teaching us day by day to be
More gentle and refined.

We love her for the wisdom
In all she said and sung,
To help us find the treasure
In our good English tongue.

We wish she may be happy
In her home down by the sea,
And that she will remember us,
Wherever she may be.

1891.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

BE not disturbed, though small
Thy gift and little worth ;
A blade of grass, tho' weak,
Helps clothe the earth.

The blade of grass looks up
To the life-giving sun,
Ripening its tiny seeds,
Until the work is done.

So we will all look up
To our life-giving sun,
With hands full of kind deeds,
Until our work is done.

THE FIRST TWENTY-EIGHT.

THIRTY years have come and gone,
Since on a quiet Sabbath morn,
A company of twenty-eight
Pledged themselves that from that date,
As faithful followers of the Lord,
To meet and listen to his word.

Their home at first, a neighboring hall,
¹A friendly pastor heard their call,
Giving his aid their hearts to cheer,
He led the service a year.

Where are the faithful twenty-eight?
Shall we not pause to learn their fate?
Two years had passed, and one² who wrought
Much good to all, by death was sought.
He waited till her dying eyes
Had seen this pleasant chapel rise.

¹ Dr. E. Burgess.

² Abbie C. Mills.

Five years, and eight,³ the records say,
To other towns had moved away.
Among the starred names I find
The learned doctor, wise and kind,
The aged woman, happy here,
Tho' silence only filled her ear.

Three humble toilers all intent
That their small gains be nobly spent.
One helped us freely with her wealth,
One bore the burden of ill health,
And yet so gentle from her birth
She seemed of heaven while here on earth.
Six others in their different ways
Brought offerings and prayers and praise.
One skilful workman and his wife,
One tender mother all her life,
One loved old tunes, one wrinkled face
Was beautified by inward grace.
The last lived in this work — we stand
Upon his goodly gift of land.
A poet, if he still were here,
His rhymes, not mine, would greet your ear.

³ Lucius Eastman, Sarah A. Eastman, Lucius A. Eastman, Jr., Moses Winch, William B. Picket, Mary A. Picket, George E. Norton, Susanna Harris.

⁴ Some pioneers are with us still,
They know Christ's word, they do His will,
Their locks are white, their hearts are pure,
Unto the end they will endure,
For they all feel the truly wise
Must make themselves the sacrifice.
They hope to hear the angel voice,
That makes an ancient church rejoice,
Speak thus: "Thy little strength hath kept
'This small lamp trimmed while others slept.'"

⁵ Two absent, one who always stood
With open purse and plans for good,
One, though her eyes were almost blind,
She loved, right well, bright wreaths to twine,
And bands of green for Christmas day,
For us, our Chapel to array.
Hundreds have come and worked and passed
To other fields — their deeds will last.

Some are at rest, some near or far,
Who helped to make us what we are,
Rejoiced with us and bore their share
Of all our trials and our care.

⁴ Sarah Davenport, Jane W. Pickering, Peady R. Mills,
Elizabeth Noyes.

⁵ Ellen M. Green, Lucinda O. Kingsbury.

Pastors and friends, where e'er they be,
We hold in grateful memory.

What does the present seem to say
To us who worship here to-day?
“ Go forth, go forth, and let your light,
Shine farther in the darksome night.
Lighting the corners far and wide
Where sin and want and sorrow hide.
I know the breadth of your desires
On heavenward journey touched the spires
Of sister churches, and the gold
And silver offerings, as of old,
Have come to aid you now to build
A larger house.”

May he, who filled
From out his treasury, generous hands,
Bless them in houses and in lands,
And with the priceless pearl that must
More precious be than shining dust.

* Dr. Josiah Noyes, Sarah W. Ney, Rachael Smith, Pamela Smith, Mary O'Neil, Rebecca Bullen, Marietta Bullen, Henry Webber, Adrienne Webber, Susanna Hardy, John Mills, Josiah Davenport, Charles E. Keith.

HYMN.

Tune, Hamburg.

HOW shall we build in coming days
A fitting house above this stone,
For Him who rules the universe,
For Him who calls the heavens His throne ?

Build strong in faith and righteousness ;
So strong that fiercest gales of scorn
Shall pass at evening without harm,
And changed, return to bless the morn.

Build broad, that not one erring soul,
Nor weary, mourning mortal come,
And passing on shall sadly say :
“ Too cold,—too proud,—for me no room.”

Build high that the pure air that sweeps,
Across the mountain of the Lord,
Shall be our spirits’ breath and life
While listening to His Holy Word.

Let it be plain : no jewels hung
Around our Saviour when he died,
Yet by his presence on the cross,
Both heaven and earth were glorified.

We build of frail material things
A temple on this faded sod,
But only Christ-like souls can make,
The richest house, the house of God.

1887.

TO THE HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI.

I LOOK again, dear friends, with you
(Tho' far more distant is my view),
Upon the scholar's closing year,
When graduates' tasks are most severe,

How many things important then,
The tint of paper, stroke of pen ;
What questions grave, what hurried talk :—
“ Are all ready ? ” “ How do I walk ? ”
“ How's my vest ? ” “ Oh, look at my hair ! ”
“ Do I read with sufficient air ? ”

This was not trivial, dear hearts,
The engine puffs before she starts.

When from the schoolroom door you passed,
And said the last farewell, the last ;
None saw what new experience
Was waiting there to take you hence.

Beneath the harvest moon to-night,
You meet again with fresh delight,
To spend a social hour once more
With those who were your friends of yore.

Some come, perhaps, with sadder mien,
Shadows and sorrows they have seen ;
Some toil on land, some cross the sea ;
But cherished still the memory
Of the near past, when teachers planned
The campaign of each little band,
Thro' puzzling lines of Gaul and Greek,
Such brave incursions, week by week.

Ah, that was but the skirmish hour ;
Now, whether great or small the power
Of such position each may hold,—
Are you all loyal, firm and bold ?

They who upon life's narrow shore,
With you will gather shells no more,
Their silence yet is eloquent
With nobler purpose and intent ;
Forward still must be their march,
Tho' they have passed the rainbow arch.

Knowledge, wisdom, love and truth,
Cups brimming with perpetual youth ;

Grateful to the gracious Giver,
Drink, deep, glowing draughts forever.

Thank you, for this pleasant task,
Thank you, that you chose to ask,
One whose locks are turning gray,
To write this for your festal day.

FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI.

PRELUDE.

O WHAT has awakened sweet music to-night ?
What means this circle of faces so bright ?
Beautiful maidens in their best dresses,
With smiles so enchanting, and wonderful tresses.
Young men drawing near, as handsome and straight
As the tall, growing maples, their wishes await.
Over the High School Bridge they have passed,
In groups, few or many, as they were classed.

What have they brought from the other side ?
What treasures carry as onward they glide ?

ADDRESS.

Have you learned the English tongue to speak,
While stumbling along in Latin and Greek ?

Can you write a letter and spell all right?
Can you pay your bills that are due at sight?
Can you work as well as you run and dance?
Can you draw a line as straight as a lance?

Pretty, brisk housekeepers, have you found out,
Your husband's dislike, for breakfast, a pout?
True knowledge of chemistry makes the best cooks,
Treasures and treasures, bound up in books,
Transmuted by brains and good common sense,
Will be the saving of health and expense.

Doctors and teachers, merchants and all,
Who have crossed the bridge and cannot recall
The light-hearted years from the misty past,—
Walk in honorable paths to the last!
Tho' the way be rough and the hills be steep,
Faith and fortitude, like good angels, keep
Safe and sure, both young and old,
Thro' sunshine and darkness, tempest and cold.

If on your will, you should find a name,
Sometime, clouded and dimmed by shame,—
Silently — kindly — earnestly pray
Repentance may banish the shadows away.
Rejoice in this happy reunion, dear friends,
While the dream of the future with memory blends!

One, then another, will vanish away,—
Who first, and whither,—no voices can say.
In a large circle, all never twice meet,
Some of earth's melodies have no repeat!

I am pleased and surprised that you asked again,
My elderly muse to take up her pen.
Excuse all limping, unequal feet ;
I wish that her songs were so tender and sweet,
Like the softened tones of a distant bell,
To your eager souls, it could wisely tell,
The evening of life will be full of light,
If the rosy morn is valued aright.

1890.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

PERHAPS you may anticipate
What e'er I now may say,
For rights of men, and women too,
Have been canvassed every day,
Since last our snowy mountain heights
Were touched with warmer glow,
And presidential candidates
Were hustled to and fro.

Our statesmen are adjusted now
 We hope, for four bright years,
E'en to the disappointed ones,
 “ Be better than their fears.”
While coursing o'er our vast affairs
 Our Ship of State may float,
Again pet issues we can take
 And row them in our boat.

November wears again its veil
 Of Indian summer haze ;
To us, who may be passing thro'
 Our Indian summer days,
How great, how gradual, the change,
 In home, in church, in school,
Since we, poor little children, sat
 Under a master's rule.

Good masters, they were excellent,
 Kind, honest, gentlemen ;—
But still, I think in primary schools
 Good women ought to reign.
Nor there alone should be their part
 A character to mould ;
A man's firm hand, a woman's heart,
 Can noblest traits unfold.

The churches' doors are just ajar
For women now to speak and pray,
They always have been open, broad,
For her to wait, and work, and pay.
With reverence let us think of Him
Who opened heaven's gate so wide ;
No difference made in sex or race,
For men and women lived and died.

Look back, dear friends, whose seventy years
Have clasped a radiance on your brow,
Into the plain old homes, and think
How different many homes are now.
Some fathers seemed so stern and cold,
Their dignity so fine and grand,
Mother and children stood around,
Like servants, waiting their command.

Their nod could hush the slightest play ;
The mother's face was meek and mild,
As almost whispered lullaby
Floated above the sleeping child.
Let not the pendulum be swung
Too far, too far the other way,
For reverence, hand in hand with love,
Are welcome guests in any day.

“ Home, sweet home,” when parents hold
An equal, pleasant, honored place,
Giving to both the boys and girls
A faithful training for life’s race.
All cannot win the self same prize ;
Some have one talent, some have ten,
And some have none, and must be borne
Tenderly over field and fen.

I come now to contested ground ;—
I will not call it all man’s land,
For here and there upon the plain
We gladly spy a woman’s band.
Some States acknowledge all the rights
That women claim, or wish to own,
And offices are well bestowed ;—
O, how much wiser they have grown.

Our country needs that each should work
Up to the highest tide of aim,
And that our leaders hold themselves
Worthy in character and name.
O, happy future, calm and still,
When vote of man and woman calls
The wisest, noblest, purest, best,
To sit in legislative hall.

A FAMILY POEM.

BY LEMUEL'S DAUGHTER, JOANNA.

YES, dear grandmother, I will rehearse,
(It may not be in the smoothest verse),
What I am sure you would like to hear,
Of kindred still in this earthly sphere.

How many times I have seen you sit there,
At the pine table so white and bare ;
The fire flamed up, the lamp swung near,
A little black seed of a chandelier.

“ How is Lydia ? ” I hear you say ;
“ Has my last baby grown old and grey ?
And Henry, too, so gentle and kind,
How is he, in body and mind ? ”

They've a spacious house, full of sweet repose,
They keep their hearts young, and whoever goes
Over their threshold, you may believe,
A cordial welcome and greeting receive.

George is a minister, crowned with success,
Heaven seems his faithful endeavors to bless ;

Albert stays on a farm, has various trades,
Flowers from his greenhouse deck gardens and
glades.

“ You went to Lancaster : who still remain
Of Sally’s, my oldest, family chain ? ”
Harriet, Hannah and Nancy make
A lovely home, for each other’s sake.

Their sister Adeline lives near by,
And often hither and thither they hie ;
While their many children love to return
To the fine old town, with their friends to sojourn.

Albert, their brother, now on a farm,
’Mong the hills of New Hampshire safe from harm,
With his son and little ones ready to cheer,
With their bright ways, grandpa so dear,

“ See any of David’s children ? ” you ask ;
Yes, Rebecca, your namesake, takes for her task
Sunday schools, home missions, working outside,
While home duties still are her joy and pride.

David, the doctor, was making a brief stay
On a famous island not far away ;
I heard from others within his town,
He was a man of growing renown.

His brother George is increasing in wealth,
Noble in presence and firm in health.
The blessing that comes to a tender son,
He, in his youth, had most fairly won..

Mary cares for his household, left in tears,
For the loss of a mother, in early years.
Louisa works with a smile in her eyes,
Whether under the sunshine or cloudy skies.

Lucy's poor daughter still suffers much,
Disease on her life has laid a rough touch ;
Sickness and sorrow in Lucius' house wait,
Heavy the burden, where such is the fate.

I dined at the house of the oldest son
Of your daughter Nancy, Hamilton ;
Full of ambition, he thinks it will pay,
To work for his promising children each day,

George, as a merchant, keeps busy and strong,
To carry this family safely along.
One home, her father and Ellen now share,
Her father adorned with his silvery hair.

“ Where are William's children ? ” I hear you say ;
Hattie's a farmer's wife nimble and gay ;
In the land of East Canaan, green and wide,
Her mother and William at Wentworth reside.

The four little children that Jason left,
So early of fatherly love bereft,
Their mother has guided faithfully,
And now they are women fair to see.

With a wonderful power Agnes sings ;
Lizzie is skilled in a great many things ;
Leslie across the ocean has roamed,
And Helen graces a Salem home.

Almost all my cousins, my grandmother dear,
Have husbands or wives who surely appear
Most excellent, earnest, women or men,—
I leave their record to some other pen.

Part is a vision, and part is the truth ;
Only a vision of my buried youth,
The table, the lamp, my grandmother there,
Listening and smiling with quiet air.

My cousins, my kindred, we will revere.
And remember with love our grandmother dear,
Who a century past, this September day,
Came, a bride of eighteen, in a new home to stay.

MARRIED — At Dover, on September 9th, 1784, by Rev. Jabez Chickering, of South Dedham, uncle of the bride, David Dana of Dedham to Rebecca Richards of Dover.

EIGHTEEN.

THE sunshine and the shadow
Of life's morning hours are over,
But the influence of those hours
Will forever 'round you hover.

O, let no glittering folly,
As you step along earth's highways,
Still marching, marching onward,
Lure you down its dusky byways.

Be sweet and true and lovely
As the fair, unfolding flower,
With a faith bright and uplifting,
Tho' affliction's cloud may lower.

In little things be noble,
And strong in days of weakness,
All bitterness of word or deed
Meet with your Master's meekness.

No sighing, no regretting,
For the beauty of the morning.
The high noon has it's glory,
And evening it's adorning.

SILVER WEDDING OF DRs. A. E. & V. D.
MILLER.

ALL things are in their best
This day of days,
The sun rose with a smile,
And his bright rays,
Touching the highest tips
Of naked trees,
Have made them golden spires ;
While the soft breeze
So gently passing by,
She bends them not.
Her whisper moves the clouds
To take their lot.
They, with their silvery veil,
Like India's mull,
Seek nature's face to shade,
But not to dull.

What moves in hearts to-day,
That for long years
Have beat in unison
Midst hopes and fears ?
They have had many friends
Early and late,

Who have rejoiced over
Their happy fate.
Whatever the struggles
Of twenty-five years,
What in such earnest lives
Brought sighs and tears,
Nothing of grief and gloom
Touches their faces,
But a silver hair or two
Adds to their graces.

This is the silver year,
Far on the gold,
Will these dear comrades
That year behold?
Yes ; here in this pleasant land,
We hope it may
Be the same happy life,
Onward each day.
To true loving souls
All years enfold,
Gifts far more precious
Than finest gold.

SILVER WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS.
E. F. MILLS.

WE have come from our different homes to-night,
To yours, dear friends, on this fine airy hill,
To greet you with loving words and gifts,
And wishes that you may be happier still.

We, a large company, little and great,
Have always been tenderly welcomed here,
Have sat at this table in illness and health,
With Uncle Fisher and Aunt Carrie dear.

We speak for those who are far away,
Uncles and cousins, east and west;
There is plenty of room, we would give them a cheer,
If they could now enter among the rest.

We see some here who are not of our clan,
They, the friends who have known you long and well,
In silvery song, in story and jest,
Their regard for you will pleasantly tell.

You have had a fair share of earthly wealth,
 You do not need what silver can buy ;
But human hearts ask for something more,
 That rusts not, fades not, and never can die.

So we bring you gratitude, love and hope,
 That you may be blest with a peaceful mind,
No storms break over your silvering heads,
 And the darkest cloud may be silver lined.

We have not all seen your twenty-five years ;
 We are growing fast as we onward glide :
May we have a chance, in the fiftieth year,
 To meet you again as bridegroom and bride.

1889.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. N. CLAPP.

TWO sitting together at evening,
 Watching the mellowing west,
Life's treasures all gathered, and vanished
 Some of the dearest and best.

How much these two can remember
 Of hopeful affection and truth,
When one gave the hand to the other
 In days of far distant youth.

Golden-haired, fair, happy children,
 Came for their nurture and care,
Some standing here to greet them,
 Some waiting to greet them there.

There in the great, unseen City,
 Its precious pavements of gold,
Not like to earth's drossy metal,
 But something that never grows old.

So at this bright Golden Wedding,
 With beautiful tokens in gold,
May the friendly spirit that prompts them,
 Be something that never grows old.

GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS.

A. C. BARSTOW.

MAY 28, 1884.

SOME bring to-day a stately speech,
Some, songs in finest measures,
And others, gifts in shining gold,—
Among these richer treasures,

I bring to you in simple rhyme,
A picture old, but true,
Of sunny skies, of smiling hours,
And hopes of brightest hue.

The wild rose scented all the air,
And hedged the country road;
The thrush's note rang sweetly out,
From his secure abode.

The horse stepped lightly o'er the turf,
Before a cottage door;
His high-bred nature understood
What loving hearts he bore.

Kind friends were waiting there to greet
The bridegroom and the bride,—
Her cheeks glowed with the wild rose bloom,
And his, with manly pride.

Since then, that youthful pair have crossed
A bridge of fifty years,
And in life's quiet afternoon
A golden light appears.

Sorrows and joys have walked with them
Along their onward way,
But fond affection, tender care,
Have never lost their sway.

God's blessing on their evening hour !
And crossing one more river,
May the last sunset on this side,
Be sunrise there, forever !

GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. J. BARNES.

I SHOULD be pleased, dear friend, to see
The branches of your family tree,
That like the Banyan, India's pride,
Have spread and rooted far and wide,
And flourishing in broader realm
They still hold fast to parent stem.

Memory goes back, perhaps in tears,
To your past life of hopes and fears,

When all a helpless household band,
Brought heavy labor to your hand,
God gave you wisdom, strength and power
To do the duty of the hour.

Now as your work grows less, and less,
May all these sons and daughters bless
Your fading years with love's fond care,
And make your last days sweet and fair.
While waving round you may be seen
Their little branches growing green.

THE LITTLE HOUND.

JUST as the late December sun
Slanted his rays o'er field and wood,
The happy hounds sent their full bay
Back to the window where I stood.

Far distant now the sounds recede,
As o'er the rustling leaves they leap,
And scent the rabbit or the fox
Just wakened from his quiet sleep.

O little hound, 'twas well for you,
As like an arrow swiftly sent,
On, on you sped and knew it not
That your young life was almost spent.

That when the sun crept towards the west
And towards your home you gladly trod,
A swifter messenger of death
Would leave you silent on the sod.

Poor little hound, you never more,
Thro' the long day will patient wait,
Until the hour when you could hear
Your master coming thro' the gate.

And that young master will not soon
Forget you, faithful little friend,
Or cease to feel a deep regret
That your brief life should sadly end.

SANCHO.

I NOFFENSIVE, gentle, kind,
Quick to hear, and quick to mind,
Faithful as the morning sun,
Full of bark and full of fun.

Busy life of thirteen years,
He has seen our smiles and tears,
All our joys and sorrows shared,
For us all has watched and cared.
Oft thro' nights of cold and storm,
In his coat of buff so warm,
He a picket guard would keep
That we might securely sleep.
One with aged steps and slow
Was his master long ago.
Sancho, with expressive eyes,
And his eager, merry cries,
Begged of him to take his gun
To the woods and have a run.
When the little ones were drawn
In their carriage o'er the lawn,
Sancho walked demurely by,
Strict attention in his eye.
Older grown, they scampered round,
Jumping, tumbling on the ground ;
Sancho seemed a bunch of noise,
Far exceeding all the boys.
Aimée going to her school,
Sancho followed as a rule,
Then most leisurely walked back
Greeting friends upon the track.
“ Where is Sancho ? ” now you say,—
Where we all shall be some day,—

With the sod upon his breast,
Laid by loving hands to rest.
Gentle to the last to all;
Answering with a feeble call,
When his master's word of cheer
Fell upon his dying ear.
Long within our hearts shall we
Hold in tender memory,
One, whose friendly, patient care,
E'en in higher life is rare.

1885.

TEDDY'S ROAN.

OFTEN in morning grey
Of a chilly, winter day,
Walking down the street alone
Quietly comes Teddy's Roan.

Often then before the gate,
He so patiently will wait,
By his blinders peeping round,
Till he hears the milk cans sound.

Gentle creature round and plump,
Never giving kick or jump,

You've been treated well I know,
Or such traits you would not show.

Your little master ne'er forgets
The storm robe, or the summer nets,
Good food to cheer you for your task,
Refreshing rolls upon the grass.

A gentle word and loving pat,
Upon your sides so sleek and fat,
Long may you be such happy friends,
And when good horse your journey ends,
You will deserve a granite stone,
Inscribed, "Here lies our Teddy's Roan."

SLAIN.

THE winter was past and the soft winds blew
Over the grass fields wet with dew,
The moonlight smiled on the happy trees,
Hushing in sleep the blossoms and bees.
In yonder mansion the lights just out,
And music silent. The gayest rout
Of a very gay season must have an end.
(Its details employed some reporter's pen).
Three rats had been watching through the night,
And now, in the first gray dawning light,

Tails whisked round with a double stress,
Eyes shone like beads on a lady's dress,
Their noses high and their teeth all bare,
They hurried on for the beggar's share,
The morsels left on the dining room table,
If only to enter they should be able.

Their fury coats were chilly and damp,
Thick little tracks marked the pathway tramped.
'Till suddenly with a squeaking cry
A broken stone they gladly espy.

Thro' the cellar wall they joyfully squeezed,
And on they went wherever they pleased.

The cellar door was open, of course,
The servants were tired, or something worse.
They had taken the shining silver and gold,
Locked it away in some stronghold.

All else remained in a mingled mass
Of china and viands, flowers and glass.

"O, what a feast," said a rat with a squeak,
His eyes dilated, distended his cheek.

The others motioned, not a sound :
The old grey cat is somewhere around.

They sat on a sponge cake as soft as silk,
Their tails hung limp in a bowl of milk,
Their whiskers pearled with sherbet and cream ;
They nibbled their cheese without a dream
Of sorrow or trouble that any hour
May seize rat or man with startling power.

In their zigzag course, they saw the shine
Of a crystal goblet filled with wine.
Two snuffed and choked and left in haste,
But one brave ratkin thought he would taste,
He tasted and tasted, and looked very hazy ;
He yawned and squeaked and looked very crazy ;
Fell, as if dead in a plate of butter,
And set his comrades all in a flutter
Of fear and anxiety, how they should care
For their comrade now,—they could not bear
His bloated body away, away,
They left him hurriedly where he lay.
And the rising sun and grey old cat,
Saw the grand finale of the drunken rat.

O, ruby wine, with your poison stain,
If only an animal had been slain,
Then here my simple story would end,
But a deeper tragedy must be penned.
The heir of the house, the only son,
Drank with his friends, as he oft had done,
Found in the cup that his lips had kissed
A fiery serpent writhed and hissed,
Lost all command of his head and tongue,
Hiccoughed and stammered, laughed and sung.
His mother frowned at his maudlin airs
As the servants gathered him up the stairs.

Left him to rave in his darkened room,
Stupidly sleep and waken in gloom.
But the sweetest girl who danced that night,
Went sadly home with a face as white
As the dress she wore, which the light wind tossed,
And she sobbingly murmured “Lost! lost! lost!”
Like one who lingers over the dead,
A mournful shade her features o’erspread,
As she took a ring from her dimpled hand,
Unclasped from her wrist a jewelled band,
Took from a cushion a tiny key,
Unlocked a casket, where tenderly
She placed his letters and one white rose
The morning her youthful lover proposed,
And words were exchanged in true love lore,
Words to be spoken never more.
O, well for her, that her mother’s tears
And heartfelt warnings came thro’ years,
To strengthen her will in that trying hour,
To free herself from a drunkard’s power.

O mothers with all the tempting array
Of wines on your tables day by day,
You, who should be example and guide,
The ones in whom your children confide,
Banish it now, or lament in vain
Over your loved ones foolishly slain.

OLD GRIEF.

HARK, hark, hear the alarm ;
Where's Old Grief so prompt and calm ?
Sleeping, sleeping in the stall,
Never hearing midnight call ?

Not so, not so, faithful friend,
Not in rest did your life end.
The last summons found you true,
Your last breath in harness drew.

Firemen sadly turned away,
Danger bid them not delay ;
But hearts do not soon forget,
Even a brute who never let,
Carelessly, the signal pass,
While he ate his grain or grass.
With the oats between his teeth
Out he sprang, the tugs, beneath,
With a mighty tread his feet
Rushed along the slippery street.

Like an arrow, brave Old Grief,
Death has come to your relief.
While to us your life will be
Lesson of fidelity.

THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN.

YOU'VE a very pretty village, sir,
Quite worthy of renown;
But, if you please, now drive with me
To the outskirts of the town.

I'm late an hour this morning, sir ;
You see that forward wheel :
A spoke was cracked, the tire was loose,
The hub was sound as steel.

You've a very pretty village, sir ;
The hub of this old town :—
How are the roads three miles from here,
The bridges and the bounds ?

Oh, yes. I've heard,— high taxes, sir ;
Sidewalks, water, gas,—
Don't grudge some moneys here and there
That loads of hay might pass

The pleasure wagons on the road,
Without as much manœuvre
As used by our brave Washington,
When acting Braddock's cover.

I call my horse sure-footed, sir ;
But this tremendous hill,
Would make the best brute tumble down,
If she were standing still.

The schools upon the borders, sir ;
Do you give them the right care,
And watch these scattered little bands,
With a true Spartan air ?

I see you are a veteran,—
Brave men hold outpost ground,—
Put the best teachers you can find,
On the outskirts of the town.

You've a very pretty village, sir ;
And if you're wise and sound,
You'll not ignore the real wants
Of the outskirts of the town.

WHY NOT?

IF the noblest education
Were the interest sought
By fond parents and committee,
Teachers and the taught,

If we thought some other children
Equal to our own,
Wouldn't the present school-room troubles
Be almost unknown.

If the last but one commandment
Never here was broken,
If the angry cutting judgment
Died before 'twas spoken,
If we in our conversation
Sought some higher theme,
Wouldn't famous village gossip
Vanish like a dream?

If our tastes were less expensive,
Dress and food more plain,
If the young men saved a little
Something from their gain,
If our maidens bought less feathers,
Furbelows and fans,
Wouldn't more sweethearts now be forming
Matrimonial plans?

If all places of temptation
Drawing youthful feet,
Were reformed to homes more happy
In each pleasant street,

And our fields by higher culture
Shone with harvest gold,
Don't you think more of our houselots
Yearly would be sold ?

If our christians preached and practised,
Practised what they preach,
Working for the weak and helpless,
Coming near their reach,
Pure and patient, strong and steadfast,
Not too much self-willed,
Wouldn't all our handsome churches
Speedily be filled ?

ACROSTICK.

C ALL my son by some noble name,
Your mother said with gentle voice.
Royal and loyal may he be,
Unswerving, from all meanness free.
So Cyrus was her choice.

Why not add another name ?
It will honor his father, too.
Let him be strong, like him,
Industrious, honest and true.
And when his life's work is begun,
May he cheerfully work till 'tis done.

Jones the ancient family name,
Often attended by merited fame,
Native of little, rough, rocky Wales,
Early one member set his sails
Seeking a home in these western dales.

1892.

DEATH AT DAWN.

A LITTLE bud that ne'er unclosed.
A little babe that never smiled,—
Affection watched the opening flower,
Affection waited for the child.

The white robes faded and unworn,
And tiny gifts around them lie,
Sweet relics of a hope that's past,
Viewed by a mother's tearful eye.

O mystery 'mong mysteries,
From out that fair, dead form of clay,
It must be that a living soul
To Heaven, passed silently away.

And when you count with tender thoughts,
The babes that on your breast have slept,
Then add the little nameless one
While here that never smiled or wept.

Just at the dawning wafted home
Without the discipline of earth,
And hearing the dear Saviour's voice
Wakened to its immortal birth.

1882.

TO WILFRED.

JUST where your little feet have passed,
With light and joyous tread,
I've gathered ferns and moss and flowers
Above your grave to spread.

You died before the gay world's touch
Or love of worldly gain,
Had seared the taste, sweet innocent,
Of Nature's wild domain.

This quaint, old place, my childhood home,
Was wonderland to you,
Your heart was blithe as summer bird,
As over rocks you flew.

I saw again thro' your blue eyes,
As with a magic power,
The glory that was over all
In my own childhood hour.

I cannot tell how near or far
Your heavenly life may be,
Your earthly life will ever seem
Ten priceless years to me.

PASS ON !

DEAR Lord, we are growing old,
And so much to be done,—
Lambs to be gathered to Thy fold,
And many hearts grown hard and cold,
Near to life's setting sun.

Thy house neglected now,
For earthly pomp and pride,
Few heads, grown grey, in reverence bow,
Or youthful lips make solemn vow,
To Thee, our perfect guide.

Dear Lord forgive, we pray,
If we have needless grief ;
Our faith should see a dawning day,
Brighten, when we have passed away,
From out this life so brief.

One fair, young beaming face,
To-day looked up in Thine ;
Trusting thy goodness and thy grace,
Drew gently near to take her place,
Close to Thy blessed shrine.

Dear Lord tho' we are old,
Thy will must still be done ;
Thou callest as the years unfold,
Thy gathering followers untold,
To work, and then pass on.

STANDING AT THE DOOR.

STANDING at the open door,
Dimmed eyes watch the scene no more ;
Filled with pious, happy thought,
Age and feebleness forgot ;
Faintly to his listening ear
Comes the sound he loves to hear,
Softened over hill and dell,
Of the distant Sabbath bell.
All is well, tho' never more
Standing at the open door.
He has passed from earth and time,
Hearing now the wondrous chime,
Over brighter hills and dells,
Of the heavenly Sabbath bells.

MY FATHER.

MY father, life's long time is o'er,
For aye, with thee ;
Thy bark has reached the other shore,
Eternity.

I, too, am on a foreign shore,
Alone, alone ;
Gathering the memories ever more
Of days long gone.

My father, thou wert very old,
And yet, sweet truth ;
Kind death transfigures those we hold
Most dear, to youth.

Brings out the bright and pleasant ways,
Of other years ;
And fills our eyes, in backward gaze,
With tender tears.

My father, thou hast met them all,
My loved and lost ;
Lost only 'till I hear them call,
" Come thou across."

FOUR YEARS.

FOUR years upon this changeful earth
For us, and you the other side,
The veil of silence drawn between
Our home and where you now abide.

Four years. No time can take away
Our loving, longing wish to see,
The sweet smile of that boyish face,
Or hear fond words in tender key.

We have our work, and so we stay ;
Your heavenly mission we know not ;
I cannot think what e'er it be,
Your earthly friends will be forgot.

Our Father leaves for days or years,
The little children in our care ;
His house is wide with many rooms,
The inmates all, His kind love share.

So when our gentle brother went,
And left deep sorrow in his place,
Our Father's love was just as near
With all its sure, consoling grace.

To those who still must dwell on earth,
And walk in pathways dim or bright ;—
Those still below and those above
Are not divided in His sight.

1889.

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

TO-DAY I wandered to and fro,
In busy shops and busy streets,
And gathered for my loving friends
Such little offerings as were meet ;

But not a passing thought for those
Who need no earthly gift from me,
I grieved to think the flying hours
Had borne away their memory.

To-night the gentle angel, sleep,
Left me with tired, wide open eyes,
To watch with old time tenderness
And bid the sainted dear ones rise.

I see their faces thro' my tears,—
They are not buried out of sight,
They still are mine, — a few short years
And I shall see them in full light.

CHRISTMAS.

S CATTER not gifts, dear friends,
I would not mar
With my deep silence, song
Floating afar.

Your mirth falls echoless
On my dulled ear,
For I have calmly died
To all things here.

You will not quite forget
Comrade and friend,
Whose heart to you beat true,
E'en to the end.

O when you think of me,
Think too that life
Is worth too much to spend
In idle strife.

For pleasure or for gain,
Build a good name,
And leave a heritage
Free from all shame.

It may be one of you
Next Christmas tide,
Unheard by, they'll say
“ To-day he died.”

DEAR NELLIE.

THE queenly moon across the sky is walking,
Filling the dusky space with softened light,
While o'er my heart a cold, dark shade is stalking,
Clouding my thoughts in blackness of the night.

O why, sweet friend, were you so swiftly taken ?
Of home the polished centre and the star ;
Husband and sons and loving friends forsaken,
And you, dear one, mysteriously afar.

How will they meet the coming Christmas morning ?
With bitter tears. They'll see in every room,
The gifts with traces of a bright adorning,
Done by fair hands now folded in the tomb.

How could we bear such grievous visitations,
Without the help of Him who for us wept,
Whose birthday has such wide commemorations,
In smiling joy or saddest sorrow kept.

THE LOST SHIP.

HE watched the ship go down the bay
With the receding tide,
She watched the mast tips fade away,
Far in the ocean wide.

A precious freight her only son,
Just in the dew of youth,
She cheers her heart with pleasant thoughts
Of all his love and truth.

She hears the wind sweep thro' the elms
Along the village street,
And in her dreams she walks the waves,
Her absent child to greet.

Fine, stately ships came sailing back,
But one ne'er comes nor goes,
And silence sits upon the spot
Where her calm dead repose.

Memories of his childhood sweet,
Her hopes now past and dim,
His little shadow in its frame
Are all that's left of him.

KATHERINE.

HER eyes are like the brightest stars, that rise
And set serenely in the midnight skies.
And yet those eyes have wept most bitter tears
For one who suffered, in his tender years,
While passing upward to the Heavenly spheres,
Leaving our twilight for the perfect day,
Taking the sweetness of her life away.
O weary soul, each hour may love Divine,
Pour o'er thy grief its richest oil and wine,
And cause thine eyes with peace and joy to shine.

AWAY FROM HOME.

IF he must die, if in his morning promise,
He must be called to lay his young life down,
If in your home no more his loving presence,
No more his cheerful accents should resound,

Was it not well, that with an earnest purpose,
And an elastic step he bade farewell
To home and friends, and to a land more distant,
Passed onward, there thus transiently to dwell?

It would have pierced his gentle soul with anguish,
Just at the portals of the dim unknown,
To have beheld sisters and brothers weeping,
And to have heard his mother's bitter moan.

Ah, how much better than we e'er could plan it,
A heavenly hand arranges each event;
Then mourners, let us take with true submission,
The grief a heavenly hand to us has sent.

CLOVER.

EAR old clover, white and red,
From a friendly hand you've sped,
Bringing me a summer dream
Of the forest, field and stream;
And the orchards rich with thee,
While your lover, honey bee,
Gladly beats, with busy hum,
Marches on his fairy drum.

Dear old clover, white and red,
When erect you hold your head,
No one knew, except the bee,
Half the perfume veiled in thee;
When the scythe, with airy swing,
Tossed you like a worthless thing,

Leaving you a mangled heap,
And the bees went home to weep,
In your withering and death —
O, the sweetness of your breath !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SPEEDY, unerring Father Time,
Came, bearing the crown of another year,
To the dear old Poet, whose sparkling rhyme
Could waken the smile and banish the tear.

Not often does mortal receive the crown
Of another year, from his unseen hand,
Without losing some grace, or gift, or renown,
Stolen away by this dread brigand.

Time pondered beneath his invisible cloak :
“ What shall I take from this gifted man ? ”
Just then the Poet a few lines spoke ;
Time laughed aloud and away he ran ;

He gave his forelock a little quiver,
And said : “ Let him sing, sing on forever.
I ’ll leave him the crown with its whitening rim,
But steal no grace nor glory from him.”

MY FRIEND, MRS. STEADMAN.

WE give to some plants
Closest and tenderest care,
But long years of waiting
Ere for their blossoms, we dare
 Waken a hope.

The leaves thicken and strengthen,
The stems darken and lengthen,
 Coiling like rope,
And the flowers unfold at last,
Just for a night and are past.

To others we give
Closest and tenderest care ;
But no long years of waiting
For their sweet blossoms so fair
 Waken and smile
'Mong leaves so fragile and pink,
From the chill breezes they shrink
 Near to each other awhile,
Perpetual, as they live,
Beauty and fragrance they give.

She was a flower
That gave, to all around her,
For all the ties that bound her,
 No short lived hour

Of friendship, love or duty.
How well I recall the beauty
 Of her bright, young face,
The step of her light, small feet ;
Her voice so mirthful and sweet ;
 Her words full of grace,
When in the cold, wintry weather,
We studied and played together.

Beauty that fades not,
All thro' life's varying day
 Herself she forgot ;
Cheerful, she kept on her way.
The blooming cheek might grow pale,
Courage and faith never failed.

Then the message came,
The startling summons to leave,
Husband and children to grieve.
 The flickering flame
Went out. Earthly joy and woes
Hushed in unending repose ;
 But to the spirit world,
While friends watched her parting breath,
Angels bore, thro' the portal death,
 Her full blossomed soul.

MRS. L.

SOMETIMES in twilight's gathering gloom,
While musing in my quiet room,
There came to me a shadowy fear
Of what I yet may suffer here.

I met you for a little while,
I saw that darkened eyes could smile,
As loved ones, with their pleasant ways,
Brought treasures to your inward gaze.

I knew that grief had laid its spell
On your fond heart, when a farewell,
That has no coming greeting here,
Was given to those who were most dear.

But resignation's soothing voice
Then whispered to your heart "Rejoice,
Rejoice, dear mother, 'tho bereft,
And live for all the dear ones left."

I take the lesson to my life,
And let it help me still the strife
Of vain portents, whose silent power
Has held me in the twilight hour.

O gentle spirit, sweet to thee
The joy of immortality,
When a renewed and clearer sight
Shall see all things in perfect light.

MRS. ELIZA LACROIX.

A GENTLE, kind, true-hearted woman,
Who heard the tender home calls first,
Then turned to aid where aught inhuman
The rights of others had reversed.

Your spacious house-door stood wide open,
To welcome us, a forlorn hope,
Your words were cheerful, and outspoken,
To all our plans you gave full scope.

Then came the time when you must leave us,
And while the parting gave us pain;
We knew how much your loss would grieve us,
But hoped to meet you oft again.

A few short years have come, and taking
Their treasures with them onward pass,
And now a new Spring is awaking
Those pretty blue flowers in the grass,

That graced the fields around your dwelling,
That was one busy, happy home ;
Afar the solemn sea is swelling,
And whitening the shore with foam.

Not here, not there, will be our meeting,
Dear friend, not here, not there, you dwell ;
Your closed lips could give no greeting,
Nor speak to us a sad farewell.

Earth's claims are o'er, and your pure spirit
Has found how perfect joy can be,
In mansions, faithful souls inherit,
Beyond Death's cold, mysterious sea.

FOR MRS. R.

WE had been walking far
In all the rush and roar
Of busy city streets,
And closing now the door,
My friends sat down with me
Within our quiet room ;
There greeting our tired eyes
Red roses in full bloom
Lay in a fragrant mass,

A kindly, costly gift,
On the white, marble slab,
In a rich, ruddy drift.

We of their beauty spoke
In quick delighted phrase,
And to the donor gave
His share of grateful praise,
But where they grew or how,
Whose hand such work had wrought,
In greenhouse large or small,
Entered not in our thought.

O friend, beloved by me
And to my mother dear,
You once, with fond regret
Spoke of her narrow sphere.
It did appear too small
And cramped in our poor sight,—
She murmured not, but grew
Up towards celestial light.

You have a larger space,
A few more years below,
Your petals too are bright
With still increasing glow,
You gather to yourself

What e'er the Gardener knows
Is for your truest worth
As a sweet, fadeless rose.

And when the tender hand,
That cuts off each and all,
Shall bear our full flowered soul,
In answer to the call
Of Him who wisely placed
Us, whether high or low,
Glad angels will not ask :
“ Where did those blossoms grow ? ”

THE NEW BELLS.

WHAT say the new bells in their tower ?
What joyous meaning in the airs,
That sweep along with mystic march,
Like angels climbing heavenly stairs.

Hark ! 'tis a well known melody,
But tone and tune are not the whole ;
This is the pleasant thought they wake ;
This is their inward voice and soul.

“ O happy they, who have the power
To follow noble plans with deeds,
As quickly as the fruitful soil
Yields welcome blooms from choicest seeds.

May he whose generous gift we are,
Rejoice that in his life and health,
He hung us in this lofty height,
A loving token from his wealth.

That while he walks the sacred aisle,
Our measured music o'er his head,
Flows out in hallowed waves, above
The village homes and peaceful dead."

1881.

WHAT NATURE SAID TO HER.

SHE walked across the freshened lawn,
She touched the budding shrubs and vines,
She felt the sunshine, heard the winds
Sigh their soft music thro' the pines.

"Welcome" they seemed to say to her,
"We've missed so long the loving care
Of those who planted, trained and trimmed,
And brought us to the sun and air."

"We loved their footsteps," said the grass,
"We gave them fragrance," said the vines,
"We smiled upon them," said the flowers,
"They sought our shelter," said the pines.

“ We greet you with our leaf and bloom,
As, years gone by, we greeted those
Whose garments trail eternity
Now resting in a calm repose.

“ We are born to make life bright for all,
For this a heavenly hand hath made
And placed us in his outer court,—
We wake in beauty and we fade.”

O earth, dear harp, upon whose strings
God’s fingers play such tender strains,
To those, whose ears are rightly tuned
To listen to the sweet refrains.

1882.

THE ORGAN.

PRAISE the Lord ! from happy voices
And from well tuned instrument,
Let our song both glad and grateful,
To the heavenly ear be sent.

One who formed an earnest purpose
And, with faith, has still worked on,
Thanks the Lord, that thro’ his blessing
Now the victory is won.

May all those with hearts so willing,
Who have given friendly aid,
As they listen to the Organ,
Feel their efforts well repaid.

May it's notes so sweet and solemn
Cheer the mourner's sinking heart,
And in joyous, lively accents
Bid the fair young bride depart.

In the Sabbath congregations,
That are gathered week by week,
To the thoughtless and the erring,
Of the loving master speak.

Praise the Lord from happy voices
And from well tuned instrument,
Let our song both glad and grateful,
To the heavenly ear be sent.

1881.

NATICK.

THE place of hills no more appears
Like what it was in former years
Than bearded manhood bold and free
Bears traces of his infancy.

We see in memory's magic glass
A band of stealthy warriors pass,
We see the river forest fringed,
And wigwams by the sunlight tinged.

We see the gentle preacher there,
Waking with his kind, earnest prayer,
Souls dim with ignorance, and then
Striving to make them nobler men.

Now ringing bells and busy hum,
From close built streets around us come ;
Where once the war-whoop, now the cry
Or shriek of engines whizzing by.

A nation's glory must decay,
When truth and virtue flee away ;
Weaker and weaker in its race ;
Then comes a mightier in its place.

Long may these slopes so fair and broad,
Where once the dusky Indian trod,
Dotted with white men's homes remain,
In hands of those, who bear no stain,

Who sow and plant, who mow and reap,
Who plan and build to safely keep
Their heirship and their heritage
Pure in God's sight, from age to age.

MEMORIAL POEM.

A PICTURE, in yon city stands,
Most wonderful, where various bands
Of struggling, fighting, dying men,
In ripening wheat, on hill, in glen,
And wounded horses, where they fell
Touched by the fearful shot and shell,
So real seem, that sudden tears
Came to my eyes, tho' twenty years
And more have passed since that dread scene
Was acted on those fields of green.

The babes that then unconscious slept
While the long night the mothers wept
For the dear fathers, far away,
Meeting the terrors of the fray,
Are bearded men and women fair,
Now met to honor and to care
For those who fought, with heart and soul
To keep the Union strong and whole.

We mourn when death, in peaceful hour,
Cuts down one pretty, household flower,
But when war whets his scythe, the swath
Was the best bloom of South and North.

Who should be blamed for such sad blight ?
Not the brave warriors in the fight ;
Not they who sleep on yonder hill ;
Not the scarred veterans with us still.

O, could the stirrers up of strife
Have all the miseries in their life,
More carefully their thoughts would scan
The issue of their word or plan.
History is full of tragic scenes,
Brought on by foolish kings or queens,
Since Hector left his Trojan home,
Or David wept for Absalom.

May grim and ghastly war no more
Set his sharp heel upon our shore,
Nor ours alone ; across the sea,
Let all the nations learn to be
Ready to arbitrate their wrongs
With justice, granting what belongs
From poor to rich, from rich to poor,
Keeping all trustful and secure.
We cherish hope that strife shall cease
When Bear and Lion seek for peace.

Strew flowers above the silent dust
Of those, whose swords in scabbard rust.
Hold ! Hold ! most sacredly the trust

They left us all,
That ne'er again thro' this good land
Shall blood, drawn by a warlike band,
In forest depths, or open strand,
Or wheat fields, fall.

MAY 30, 1884.

THE FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

WHEN the small Chapel, a galley, was built,
The friendly sailors were part of the crew,
Ever alert, with a purpose strong,
Wherever she sailed to be always true.

Sometimes the officers grew depressed,
And lost their courage on unknown seas;
Then the Friendly sailors swept the decks,
Spliced the ropes and watched for a breeze.

Year after year they stopped the leaks,
Bought a new oar, or mended a sail,
Till the little craft had seen her best day,
And was fit no longer to weather a gale.

I see a bright light, on another ship,
Shining afar on a sea of snow,
And I know that the Friendly sailors still
Are singing cheerily as they go.

To-night they are holding a jubilee ;
There are other ships in this humble port
Who have sent their finest trumpeters ;
In music they all have wonderful forte.

May the soul of the sounds, be they loud or low,
Go up far into the purer air,
And the human tones of the violin
Bear on their wings invisible prayer.

God bless, forever, the Friendly band !
They have worked the ship through sorrow and
doubt.

Some members are weary, or worn, or passed,
Many others step in when these step out.

February, 25, 1893.

INCREASE YOUR FAITH.

We must unite in Job's refrain :
" If a man die shall he live again ? "

W. H. D.

FROM the dim, distant, mystic age
Comes this sad quest from prince and sage.
His mortal form cringed neath the rod,
His noble soul still clung to god.
" The worms devour what seemeth me ;
My soul redressed, my God shall see."

This was the burden of his cry,
When longing, hoping soon to die.
His faith, to me, is like a star,
Across the centuries afar.
A later born, the Perfect One,
To trusting hearts the Risen Sun.
He that believes in all He said,
Regarding death, feels comforted.
“ Mansions — with me to-day
In paradise with you alway ! ”
Think you, is not this life too short
For those with so much spirit fraught ?
Can we not wait, with cheerful hope,
Till we have passed beyond the scope,
Of this small world, where doubt and sin
Are trying hard to enter in ?
Sleep is a solemn mystery ;
The morning light we ne’er may see.
To me the promise seems more plain,
Death passed, that I shall live again.

Feb. 20, 1893.

JOANNA EAMES (DANA) MILLS.

The preface to the accompanying book of poems will explain its mission, and the following notices will explain the reason of its not being sent forth at the time there indicated ; but we feel sure that her very numerous friends, however pleasant it would have been to receive the book from her own hand, will prize the poems as a momento beyond price now that they will see her no more in this life. We have received a great many letters tendering sympathy and expressing the love and esteem in which she was held by the writers, and we, from so many years of daily life with her, can truly say that none have praised her too highly.

ABBIE A. JONES.

C. W. JONES.

FROM THE WOMAN'S JOURNAL, BOSTON, MAY 20, 1893.

In Memoriam.—Joanna E. D. Mills.

Another brave worker in the woman suffrage cause has passed over the river. On May 14, 1893, Mrs. Joanna E. Dana Mills left this life for a higher one. She was born in Westfield Street, Dedham, Mass., May 24, 1823.

Though living in a rural neighborhood, her ambition took a wide scope. From teaching school in a primitive, box-like structure, still standing near the home of her childhood, she afterwards taught in various towns, Lowell among the rest. A tribute to her remarkable aptitude in getting the good-will of the most refractory has come from one of her pupils, who ends by saying, "She was a perfect teacher!" She had also a marked influence over those of unsound mind. At one time in her girlhood, on her way home from school, she stopped frequently to talk kindly to some insane women, who, in those days, were kept for safety in cages in the almshouse. One of them became quite fond of her, and would put a hand through the bars to touch her dress or stroke her face. Later Miss Dana had the satisfaction of seeing this woman placed in a more comfortable abiding-place, where she became docile and even helpful.

Miss Dana studied some time in the Lowell School of Design, and made great proficiency in wood engraving, but was obliged to give up the work on account of its bad effect on her health. In 1862 she became the second wife of Mr. John Mills, of Needham, Mass., and has since made her home in that place; has been a widow for fourteen years. She was an active worker for the Sanitary Commission during the war, and untiring in every good cause. Her interest in woman suffrage had its origin when she was a child. Her indignation was aroused by what she thought injustice toward woman. To this cause she heartily gave her hand, voice and pen. As president of the Needham Woman's Suffrage League for the past thirteen years, she was a beloved and honored leader, and lent inspiration to her fellow-workers. Her last illness was brief but painful. Yet her mind was bright to the last. Toward the close she said: "My feet are in the river," but, with her last breath, "It is all sunshine now!"

One of her latest poems, which she recited only a few

weeks ago in the church to which she had given much substantial aid and many prayers, ends thus :

"God bless forever the friendly band,
They have worked the ship through sorrow and doubt,
Some members are weary, or worn, or passed ;
May others step in when these step out." H. B. HICKS.

FROM THE NEEDHAM CHRONICLE, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1893.

MRS. J. E. MILLS, whose maiden name was Dana, was a native of Dedham, where the early years of her life were spent. At her marriage with the late John Mills she removed to this town, which continued to be her home till she heard the call last Sabbath morning, "Come up higher." She united with the Congregational church in this village many years ago, when it was but a little band, and it was ever after her religious home, the object of her affection, and the subject of her prayers. She contributed of her means for its support, and I am sure that its successive pastors have all felt that they have had in her a friend. She has always shown a degree of interest in all that has pertained to the prosperity of the town, financial, intellectual, educational, moral and religious. Consequently we have seen her taking special interest in the young as the hope of the community. In early life she was a successful teacher of youth, and advancing years never caused her love for young people to abate. As a Sunday school teacher she easily won and retained the affection of her pupils. She was fond of poetry, and often expressed in poetic measure her regard for her friends. One of these little poems on the sudden death of a dear friend was published in the Chronicle only a few weeks ago. Probably it was one of the last efforts of her pen.

I think Mrs. Mills had as many friends as any one in town, verifying the old adage, "He that would have friends must show himself friendly." Her loss will be long and sorely felt by surviving friends. As we miss her presence let us strive to emulate her virtues.

REV. J. E. M. WRIGHT.

The funeral services of Mrs. Joanna E. Mills were held in the Congregational church on Tuesday afternoon, and were largely attended, Rev. Mr. Gleason officiating. The hymn "Home at last" was sung by the choir after

the reading of the scriptures. In his remarks the pastor referred to the loss which the church of which she was a member for thirty years, and the community sustains in her removal, and read a hymn which she had composed for the ceremonies at the laying of the corner stone of the church. Extracts from the testimony of a pupil of hers thirty-five years ago were read, speaking of her influence as a teacher. The W. C. T. U. were present in a body. The casket was covered with floral tributes, one in the form of a pillow bearing the word "Grandma," a cluster of 70 white roses from the ladies of the Congregational church, and many others from personal friends. After the prayer the choir chanted an appropriate piece. The remains were buried in the old cemetery at Dedham, where brief services were also held, and the choir sang "My Heavenly Father's Home." A long procession followed to the grave.

EDITORIAL.

FROM THE CONGREGATIONALIST, MAY 25, 1893.

MRS. JOANNA DANA MILLS, on Sunday morning, May 14, entered upon a Sabbath of eternal rest. She was born in Dedham, Mass., and at death lacked but a few days of three score years and ten. She had made some plans for observing the seventieth anniversary of her birth here, but she will celebrate it where "there is no night." To her richly endowed nature there was added a liberal education, which fitted her for great usefulness. As a teacher in early life, she successfully impressed her own character upon her pupils, many of whom fondly remember her and testify of her invaluable services. At the age of thirty-nine she married Mr. John Mills of Needham, where she afterwards resided. Since his death in 1879, which relieved her of domestic cares, she has given her time, her talents and her treasure to every good work. Church duties, the temperance and missionary causes and reforms for women have specially engaged her mind and activities. For thirty years she was a member of the Congregational church in Needham, whose comely meeting house she liberally helped to build. It was filled with sympathizing friends and neighbors May 16. The floral tokens from various organizations showed how widespread were her relations and labors. She was characterized by strength of purpose, deep conscientiousness,

executive and poetical ability, and gentleness of spirit. By tongue and pen and purse she helped every good cause. Her works do follow her. REV. JOHN F. GLEASON.

FROM THE NEEDHAM CHRONICLE, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1893.

In Memorium.—Joanna E. D. Mills.

Our heavenly Father having in his wisdom called our beloved president, Joanna E. Mills, to a higher and broader life, we, the members of the N. W. S. League, wish to express our appreciation of her worth and loveliness in all her relations in life. In her death we lose an active and efficient officer, a true and noble sister, a just and faithful friend. While we bow in submission to the will of Him who "doeth all things well," we fully realize the loss that has fallen upon an organization, which for a space of thirteen years has looked to her for counsel, support and guidance. To her honor it can be said, "She never failed us." Faithfully did she perform the obligation that devolved upon her; in her self renunciation, preferring to lighten the burden of a weaker sister, even though it increased her own official and fraternal duties. Wise in speech and charitable in judgment, she was lenient to the shortcomings of others, while by precept and example ever labored to uplift and broaden humanity. To those of us who are left to thread life's pathway yet a little longer, may the memory of her life be a constant incentive to continue faithful to the end, in the ways we have trodden so pleasantly and profitably under her wisdom and guidance. We tender cordial sympathy to her family.

HARRIET B. HICKS, SECRETARY.

FROM THE NEEDHAM CHRONICLE, JUNE 17, 1893.

My Tribute.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. JOANNA E. MILLS, DIED MAY 14,
1893.

"My feet have touched the river," calmly she told,
To the tenderly watching friends,
"Now the sunshine comes, and my spirit has hold
Of the gladness and strength which it lends."

The depths have been passed ; to the farther shore
A glorious, helpful life has come ;
Oh, the infinite rest for her soul ever more
In the eternal " yonder home."

So abounding in faith, love's labor and thought
Gave harvests of sure ripened grain ;
Each act of her life so carefully wrought
Has prelude and sweetest refrain.

Her words linger yet, her deeds are still here
Inciting to worthiest life.
The tribute she asks from her radiant sphere
Is our onward and upward strife.

MRS. A. B. HARNDEN.

FROM THE NEEDHAM CHRONICLE, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1893.

In Memory of Mrs. Joanna E. Mills.

Like white-robed messenger at morn,
Came death to her we love,
Crowned with the amaranthine bloom
That blossometh above ;
With heaven's own light around her cast
Its music in its tone ;
He set his signet on her brow,
And claimed her as his own.

O, heart of love, now hushed for aye,
Dear hands, so cold and still,
Well have they striven their appointed work
And mission to fulfill ;
And as we scan her deeds of love,
And patient toil of years,
What gush of tenderness unlocks
The hidden fount of tears.

We see within her vacant home
The couch, the empty chair,—
On every side our glances meet
The tokens of her care,—
The books she loved, the work she held
Dropped from her tireless hand
When came the summons to her soul
To seek a better land.

O, never more those feeble feet
Will falter on their way;
They walk renewed the golden streets
Where reigns eternal day;
Those hands, so useful here on earth,
Now make celestial strains,
Glad hallelujahs sounding forth
Along the heavenly plains.

We bid farewell but for a day;
Each rise and set of sun
Doth but abridge our pilgrim way
Until the task be done;
Then as eternal ages move
With reunited breath,
We'll chant the triumph o'er the grave,
The victory over death.

MRS. BENJ. RICHARDSON.

Needham, May 29, 1893.

FROM THE DEDHAM TRANSCRIPT, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1893.

In Memoriam.—Mrs. Joanna Games Mills.

We come, a long procession of her well-loved pupils, to lay our sprays of amaranth in her folded hands. These are not the first flowers we have brought her, but never before have the quick, appreciative smile and gently murmured thanks failed us. In those far-away spring times of our youth how eagerly we searched field and woodland for the blossoms that she loved almost as if they were breathing, sentient things. The early violets, the delicate wild flowers, our choicest roses, whose unfolding we awaited with ill-restrained impatience,—how we hastened to offer them at the shrine of our beloved “Miss Dana.” To quote her own words:

“She loved things lovely as the types
Of better things beyond.”

When the June days lengthened, and the world outside beckoned so invitingly, how she varied the monotony of school routine with song and story! How proudly we wore our flower wreaths through the long, warm afternoons! Grotesque enough we must have appeared, with

heavy crowns of fleur-de-lis, ferns and meadow-rue drooping above our flushed little faces, but not the quiver of a muscle betrayed the sense of the ludicrous. Time has toyed roughly with the golden and the dusky heads that bent together over those ancient desks, but to her we always remained "her girls and boys." After increasing infirmity obliged her to regretfully lay down many of her active duties, she would often turn to the carefully preserved list of our names. Little incidents of our school days, long forgotten by us, our chance bright sayings or deeds of helpfulness, were all readily recalled by her. The darker passages — our small misdemeanors, bursts of temper and petty jealousies — were alike buried in oblivion. These could find no lodgment in her generous nature. To many of us, coming from work-a-day homes, where the beautiful was oft hard pressed by the practical, she was a revelation of cultured womanhood.

We can trace our first blind gropings after the higher life directly to her guiding hand. Never did her interest in us wane. "Write to me; tell me whatever you wish concerning your hopes and plans. I shall always be interested." These were her words, and they well illustrate the loving spirit that never tired of ministering to others. Those among us who have been privileged to make annual pilgrimages to "The Cottage" during her later years will treasure up the hours passed there in pleasant communion with her. How like a benediction her words of counsel and cheer fell upon our chafed spirits, still bearing "the burden and heat of the day." Age she wore as a crown, proving to us that grace and loveliness are not necessarily confined to youth. She is not dead, but translated. It was for her but a step into the border land, and, on the eve of three-score and ten, her departure cheered by the re-coming of the birds and blossoms that she loved, she has trustingly passed beyond our earthly vision.

"Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

"Thus do we walk with her and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives."

MARY E. PICKERING.

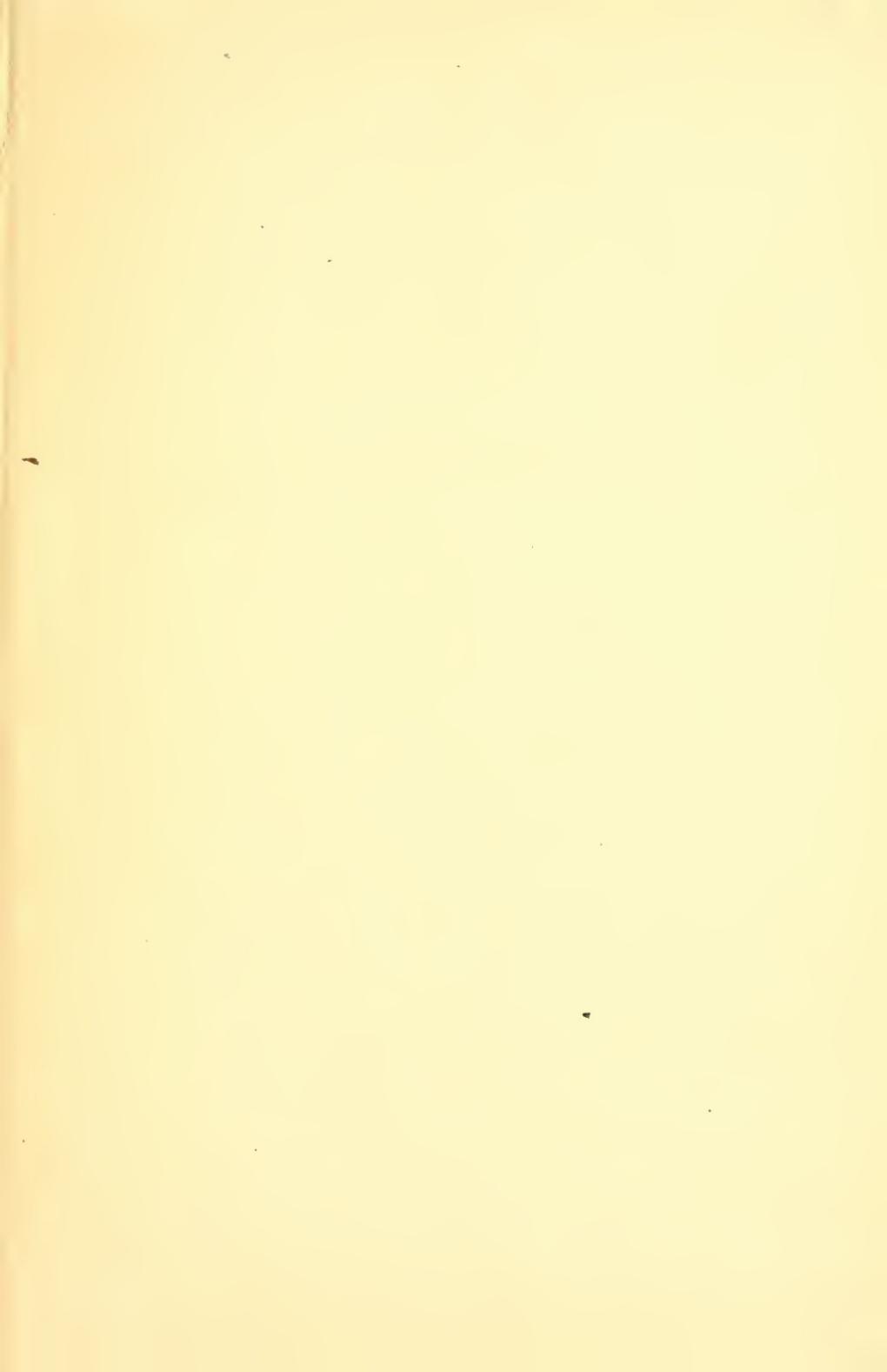


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